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FOR 1874.

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OF A PLAN OF THE CITY OF CANTON,
THE FOREIGN SETTLEMENTS OF
SHANGHAI,A Chromo-Lithograph Plate of the
NEW CODE OF SIGNALS IN USE
AT THE PEAK;also of
THE VARIOUS HOUSE FLAG
(Designed especially for this Work)MAPS OF HONGKONG, JAPAN,
and the
THE COAST OF CHINAALSO THE
NEW CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE—
HONGKONG;

besides other local information and statistics correct to date of publication, tending to make this work in every way suitable for Public, Mercantile, and General Offices.

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The Daily Press.

HONGKONG, JUNE 10TH, 1874.

It would perhaps be difficult to find a more curious illustration of the manner in which the real bearing of a measure becomes changed by carrying it out literally than is afforded by the rule adopted by the Consuls at the ports with respect to destitutes.

There is an order to the effect that British subjects found destitute at the ports shall be shipped off by their Consul to the nearest British port—a benevolent regulation the object of which is apparent on the surface.

A destitute Englishman in a foreign country, and especially in such a place as China, is likely to find it impossible to obtain any honest employment, and is very apt to be driven to desperation or crime. By sending him to a British port, it is conceived that he is given some kind of chance, and is so relieved from the worst difficulties attaching to his position. In pursuance of this regulation, the Consuls at the ports send down periodical supplies of destitutes, and also of deported persons, to Hongkong, and it is perhaps hardly necessary to point out that this is precisely the opposite of the point intended by the measure.

There is absolutely no more hospitable place to which to send destitutes than Hongkong. All purely manual labour, and the larger portion of superior artisan's work, is done by Chinese. From a large portion of foreigner is absolutely excluded by the force of the climate, even if he could keep himself on the pittance which is enough to support the half naked sons of Ham. Even if he be sufficiently educated to be able to perform the work of clerks or warehousemen, he finds every avenue of employment shut up, and that people are very little disposed to employ a man whose only claim upon them is that he is in a helpless condition.

Such is, unfortunately, human nature, however little it may be creditable in these days of vaunted high Christian principle and benevolence. Thus the unlucky destitutes who find their way in consequence of Consular action to this port, soon discover that they are in a worse plight than when they left.

Some wander in a helpless abandoned way from street to street, and house to house, getting help doled out to them in the form of old half dollars or dollars which are soon spent in drink—and little wonder, seeing what must be the temptation to drink to a wretched, hopeless, and homeless man in a Colony like Hongkong. Some are fortunately arrested in this career by the Police and are sent to gaol as vagrants in time to prevent worse consequences; but others are either enticed into crime or die destitute in some wretched shanty, or even we hear in some cases on the streets. Such is literally the result of the action deliberately taken by British officials at the Consular ports with respect to destitutes, as can be learnt by anyone who will take the trouble to enquire of our clergy, our Magistrates, or the Governor of the Gaol. We have taken frequent occasion to call attention to this state of affairs, but unfortunately without success, as the lives of a few ruined and hopeless men are little likely to be considered of weight when compared with the paroxysms of rage displayed by the Consuls at the ports.

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Extracts.

LOVE FLOWERS.

Oh! who was watching when Love came by,
When Love came here in the glad spring hours?
The scarf was torn from his laughing eye,
And he wore 'twixt a wroth of flowers.
The wreath of flowers his head went round
And about his eyes, as the scarf had been;
But in vain the flowery band was bound,
For to peep the flowers and leaves between.
He wore no guile, he bore no bow,
And innocent looked in a blushed boy.
With flowers about him, above, below,
The spirit he seemed of loving and joy.
Bet here and there he let fall a flower,
The cruel, the bright little blotted gold;
And watching, I saw, how fair
These blooms took root in the green spring soil.
And whose pluck the flowers that grow.
From the bloom Love hung from his wreath above,
Though sweet-scented blossoms they blow.
His heart shall be hot with the malice of love.

F. W. B.

THE INTERCEPTED LETTER.

It was a cold winter's day. The snow lay several inches thick on the ground, making the whole country a sheet of white. The few trees and hedges in that barren spot looked as if they were trimmed with swan's down, and icicles hung from the branches. A piercing east wind came tearing along in force and sudden gusts, bringing with it thin flakes of snow, that came whirling through the air, so to forewarn people that the heavy leaden clouds that covered the sky were ready to burst at the slightest provocation.

To be out in such weather at any time, in any place, is unpleasant; but to be lost at a railway junction, where the station is simply a huge shed, is abominable. So thought two young men who were pacing up and down the Felaw Junction, waiting for a train to carry them on to Sunderland. They pulled the collars of their great coats over their ears, puffed vigorously at their cigars, and stamped their feet on the wooden platform in vain attempt to keep themselves warm. Do all they could the keen east wind made them shiver; and as the shades of evening began to fall, they grew more and more impatient at the delay.

"It's very strange," said one of the young fellows to himself, as he stopped before a portmanteau and read the card attached to it. "Charles Seyton, from Paris to Sunderland. I don't quite understand it."

After a moment's reflection he crossed the platform to where some other luggage was placed, and taking his pack'n'quietly cut off the label attached. These he carefully placed in his pocket-book, and then commenced pacing up and down again. After passing the other gentleman once or twice, the young fellow ventured to address him.

"Very unpleasant having to wait here so long."

"And not even a sign of the train yet."

"No, unfortunately," grumbled the other. "And these people have actually the impudence to put a placard forbidding smoking, so that one could possibly remain in such a place without a cigar. They certainly manage these matters better in France."

"Quite so: you would never have this sort of thing there. See you are for Sunderland, like myself.—Do you know the place well?"

"Not at all, not at all," replied the other, shivering. "And if the weather is often like this I shall not stay there long enough to make myself acquainted with it. Are you a native of the place?"

"No. Like yourself, I have only come down on business."

"You have friends there?"

"Well—yes and no. They are friends I have not seen for some time."

"Very much my case."

"Ah, then you will not be going to a hotel, I suppose, but staying—with your friends?"

"I'm not so sure of that," replied the young fellow. "You see the business I am on is rather of a delicate nature."

"Indeed! I hope it is not very unpleasant."

"Oh, no. I suppose I ought to call it pleasure, not business."

"Oh! see!" replied the other, laughing—a lady is in the case. Now I would venture to bet that that portmanteau!" (Here he pointed to the one with the label) "Has an elegant light wedding suit, and—"

"Oh, no, no! You are wrong, I assure you—and yet perhaps not so very far after all. The object of my journey is a lady—one I hope may become my wife; but I have never seen her, and therefore really do not know whether to be pleased or otherwise."

"I interest me strangely," as the melodramas have it," laughed the other young fellow. "Is the lady young and pretty?"

"Young I know she is, and, by all accounts, pretty."

"Accomplished and rich?"

"Certainly the latter, and I believe the former."

"Allow me to congratulate you."

They laughed; and the ice having been broken, became congenial.

"Mine is a queer history," said the man with the portmanteau.

"Indeed!"

"Yes; I come of an old and eccentric family. My father, my grandfather, and my brothers were all eccentric, but my uncle was the most so of all. This uncle caused me to turn his head to adopt me, and I went to live with him in France when I was ten years old. Amongst a thousand other eccentric actions that Uncle Gurdling had, one that caused me considerable annoyance, he would never let me correspond with any of my relations. When we came to England it was always at a moment's notice, and I had to promise him that I would not see them out. This was not so difficult to do, for my father and mother had died whilst I was a mere child, and my brothers had gone to sea. About two months ago my uncle died, leaving me his heir; but even in his will the old gentleman was eccentric. He ordered me to turn up at Sunderland on a given day—tomorrow, in fact—at the house of an old friend of his, where I shall meet a young lady whom he wished me to marry."

"The young lady you mentioned?"

"Precisely—Mr. Liston. There now, I have told you her name, which I must confess I did not intend doing."

"Your secret is safe with us. I assure you: Your uncle was certainly, as you say, eccentric; but, of course, you will win the lady, indeed."

"I'm not so sure of that. Mr. Liston says, 'she is very self-willed, and that he won't control her, so you see—' but here comes another warning. Wondering somewhat at this on the loggia, he arrived quite safely of Mr. Liston's, where he received the most hearty welcome. His host would not let him stay at an hotel, but insisted that he should take up his residence in the house."

"Nonsense, my boy!" cried the old man. "You spoke about 'trouble,' and so forth."

"Why should you write 'nonsense'? How can I and my daughter with some three or four servants, in a house large enough for twenty people, always keep two or three space beds made up, so James can fetch you luggage, and you must make yourself at home?"

"A telegram? Lizzy, what do you say to this?"

"I have said 'Yes, sir,'" replied Lizzy, handing down her letter.

"Mr. Liston," cried Gordon. "I don't know what you think of this; let me assure you that your conduct has less stamp than in permitting me to be insulted and beaten before your very eyes. As for this little adventure—"

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"Who are these men?" Mr. Liston asked.

"They belong to the metropolitan detective force," was the quiet answer.

never could make out old Gurdling living in France. He was mad, or mad; but his hands trembled. With the tears of the detective upon him, all his easy confidence vanished; his whole attention appeared to be concentrated on the pattern of the carpet.

"What does this mean?" demanded Mr. Liston. "I am bewildered. This is the son of my friend Mr. Seyton."

"I beg your pardon, sir." interposed one of the officers: "you may call him Seyton, but his name is Andrews. But for that matter he's a dozen names according to the game he's playing."

"This can be true?" asked the astonished host.

"Unfortunately it is," laughed the so-called Seyton, whom was interrupted by the sudden entrance of a bustling little friend, who, hurrying up to Liston, shook him violently by the shoulder.

"Well, Liston, how are you this evening? Gout-better, eh? I want you to do me a great favour—a very great favour."

"Wild-pleasure, my dear: Everett. But allow me to introduce you to my friend, Mr. Charles Seyton."

"Charles Seyton!" cried the little man, delighted to see his friend. "Now to business, Liston. A young friend of mine, Mr. Gordon, has just arrived from London; you know I was to dine here to-day, so I have brought him to you."

"Delighted, I'm sure," said Mr. Liston. "Where is the gentleman?"

"Stop a moment, I want you also to ask him to stop here a week. I know it's a great liberty, but the painters are in my house, so he can't stop there, and I am under great pressure."

"My dear Everett, say no more. I shall be too delighted if you friend will be coming to my guest."

"That's right; come along, he's in the library. I'll introduce you.

Saying so, Mr. Everett hurried Mr. Liston from the room.

"Rough and ready," thought Seyton; yes, a great deal rough in their manners, and too ready with other people's goods until he became part of the family, all that shall be changed."

He sauntered to the window, and was looking out towards the sea, when he heard the door open. He turned and started violently, as he beheld Mr. Liston led into the room, the gentleman he had met at Porthcurno.

"Mr. Seyton," cried Liston, "allow me to introduce you to Mr. Gordon."

"That is scarcely necessary," said Gordon, stepping forward and holding out his hand; "Mr. Seyton and I have met before."

"Oh, yes!—extraordinary coincidence!" said Seyton; then whispered to Gordon as they shook hands, "not word of what I told you."

We accept the authority of those who have studied criminals, that there is a class of them marked by defective physical and mental organisation, one result of their natural defect, which really determines their destiny in life being an extreme deficiency or complete absence of moral sense. In addition to the perversity, or entire absence of moral sense, which experience of habitual criminals brings prominently out, other important facts disclosed by the investigation of their family histories are, that a considerable proportion of the people are weak-minded or epileptic or become insane, or that they spring from families in which insanity, epilepsy, or some other neurosis exists, and that the diseases from which they suffer and of which they die are chiefly tubercular diseases and diseases of the nervous system. Crime is a sort of outlet in which their unsound tendencies are discharged; they would go mad if they were not criminals, and they do not go mad because they are criminals.—Responsibility in Mental Disease. By Henry Maudsley, M.D.

WOMEN OF GENIUS.

No woman, as yet, has written a great epic, or dramatic poetry of the highest order; but how restricted is the number of men who have done this! What is there in the nature of woman, however, to forbid her rivalling even the highest we do not know; all we can say is, that genius, the power of the gods, in its most transcendent manifestation, has, up to the present, been bestowed upon man. It may be, nevertheless, that we shall yet see the female complements of our great men—only, it cannot be obtained unless women have a wider personal sphere. Still it is most interesting to note that, in this nineteenth century, she has demonstrated the possibility of a future equality. What novelist, for instance, has more conclusively proved good his claim to rank almost with the highest, than George Eliot? How many of our artists have excelled Rosa Bonheur in her own special gifts? What writer has ever hit a greater breadth of imagination and hit a greater breadth of a future equality. What novelist, for instance, has more conclusively proved good his claim to rank almost with the highest, than George Eliot?

It is the poetry which can be considered as the most original and best.

Not unusually, Charles Seyton grew mad with jealousy. It was monstrous, seeing his position, that another should openly and before his eyes make advances to Lizzie of a nature beyond even the limits of a flirtation. Singularly enough, too, neither of them made the slightest attempt at concealing their marked preference for each other. They treated Seyton as if he were a nobody, and had no more business in the house than a casual stranger might have. It was monstrous, as the aggrieved individual took an opportunity of assuring Mr. Liston, imploring him to fix the wedding day, but that gentleman referred him to Lizzie, and she as constantly managed to avoid giving him an opportunity of speaking to her alone.

Seyton at last went so far as to hint to Gordon that his visit was rather to long to be pleasant; but he only received a haughty stare in reply.

Once again Mr. Liston was seated in his library, when the door was flung open, and Charles Seyton, trembling with passion, rushed in.

"HUMBOULD IN SIBERIA.

An amusing incident which occurred during the visit paid by Humboldt to Irkut in Siberia, is related by the *Gazeta Narodowa* of Lemberg. It appears that the famous traveller, who had come to Irkut to make some astronomical observations, went to the house of M. Shokin, the principal Government functionary in the place, with a letter of introduction from the Governor-General of Siberia. Shortly after the Governor-General received a letter from M. Shokin, reporting the arrival of his visitor and his proceedings during the first few days of his stay at Irkut.

The following are some extracts from this letter, which was addressed, given by the Governor to one of his friends, a literary person, and was accompanied by the letter to the *Gazeta Narodowa*.—Some days ago there came here a German named Gumboldt, a dried-up little man, looking shrivelled and peevish. As, however, he brought with him a letter from your Excellency in which I directed to treat him with politeness and consideration, I received him with all due courtesy. At the same time, I must observe that this individual seems to me very suspicious and even dangerous. From the first, he did not please me; he received too much, and did not like the fare offered him. I think he is a fool. Besides, who makes excellent progress and would be most likely to offer some to your Excellency, should be no great scholar.

He seemed to despise both science and morality, and constantly looked down upon the most eminent officers of the country. On the other hand, he is continually talking with the Poles and other political criminals under my charge. Your Excellency will forgive my boldness in saying this, but these conversations with political criminals could not escape my observation, especially as, a few days ago, after a long conference, he went out with them at night to the top of a hill which commands the town. There they took out of a case which had been brought with them an instrument in the shape of a long tube, which seemed to me and my colleagues like a huge cannon. This they placed on a fixed, elongated stand, and then aimed it straight at the town. Both of them approached it in order to adjust it so as to fire directly at the aim. Seeing the great danger which threatened the inhabitants of the town, which is built entirely of wood, I immediately ordered the town guard, which consists of a sub-officer and six men, to march to this post with loaded muskets, and not lose sight of this German's proceedings. If the gun exploded, I would be held responsible.

"It is true, sir," replied Gordon quietly, "I should be sorry if I let you down to you first, but it was only within the last hour that I received a telegram informing me that I was to be sent to Irkut, and, if possible, win my daughter."

"A telegram? Lizzie, what do you say to this?"

"I have said 'Yes, sir,'" replied Lizzy, handing down her letter.

"Mr. Liston," cried Gordon. "I don't know what you think of this; let me assure you that your conduct has less stamp than in permitting me to be insulted and beaten before your very eyes. As for this little adventure—"

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"Who are these men?" Mr. Liston asked.

"They belong to the metropolitan detective force," was the quiet answer.

The face of the man Seyton blanched. His hands trembled. With the tears of the detective upon him, all his easy confidence vanished; his whole attention appeared to be concentrated on the pattern of the carpet.

"What does this mean?" demanded Mr. Liston. "I am bewildered. This is the son of my friend Mr. Seyton."

"I beg your pardon, sir." interposed one of the officers: "you may call him Seyton, but his name is Andrews. But for that matter he's a dozen names according to the game he's playing."

"This can be true?" asked the astonished host.

"Unfortunately it is," laughed the so-called Seyton, whom was interrupted by the sudden entrance of a bustling little friend, who, hurrying up to Liston, shook him violently by the shoulder.

"Well, Liston, how are you this evening? Gout-better, eh? I want you to do me a great favour—a very great favour."

"Wild-pleasure, my dear: Everett. But allow me to introduce you to my friend, Mr. Charles Seyton."

"Charles Seyton!" cried the little man, delighted to see his friend. "Now to business, Liston. A young friend of mine, Mr. Gordon, has just arrived from London; you know I was to dine here to-day, so I have brought him to you."

"Delighted, I'm sure," said Mr. Liston. "Where is the gentleman?"

"Stop a moment, I want you also to ask him to stop here a week. I know it's a great liberty, but the painters are in my house, so he can't stop there, and I am under great pressure."

"My dear Everett, say no more. I shall be too delighted if you friend will be coming to my guest."

"That's right; come along, he's in the library. I'll introduce you.

Saying so, Mr. Everett hurried Mr. Liston from the room.

"Rough and ready," thought Seyton; yes, a great deal rough in their manners, and too ready with other people's goods until he became part of the family, all that shall be changed."

He sauntered to the window, and was looking out towards the sea, when he heard the door open. He turned and started violently, as he beheld Mr. Liston led into the room, the gentleman he had met at Porthcurno.

"Mr. Seyton," cried Liston, "allow me to introduce you to Mr. Gordon."

"That is scarcely necessary," said Gordon, stepping forward and holding out his hand; "Mr. Seyton and I have met before."